

# Katja Werker, The Streets Of Africa

I saw those faces on the screen  
many black men on a road in Africa  
I knew: this had something to do with me

the earth was soaked and so was I  
many black men on a road in Africa  
they had no food just to be thankful  
to be alive

and the rain poured down for months  
one man wrote IN GOD WE TRUST onto the back of a truck  
oh IN GOD WE TRUST onto the back of a truck

and we in our country, cold white country  
getting bored with almost everything  
we are the reason of their twisted seasons  
yeah, we are responsible

that the rain poured down for months  
one man wrote IN GOD WE TRUST onto the back of a truck  
oh IN GOD WE TRUST onto the back of a truck

oh I grew up without mother's love  
she had no love though she told me she would have  
and it took me 28 years to open up my mouth  
appreciate pride without hate  
I grew up and all the time  
she stopped my mouth with everything  
that we had to less, we stole away  
from down there in the south

on the streets of Africa  
and the rain poured down for months  
one man wrote IN GOD WE TRUST onto the back of a truck  
oh IN GOD WE TRUST onto the back of a fifty-years-old-truck